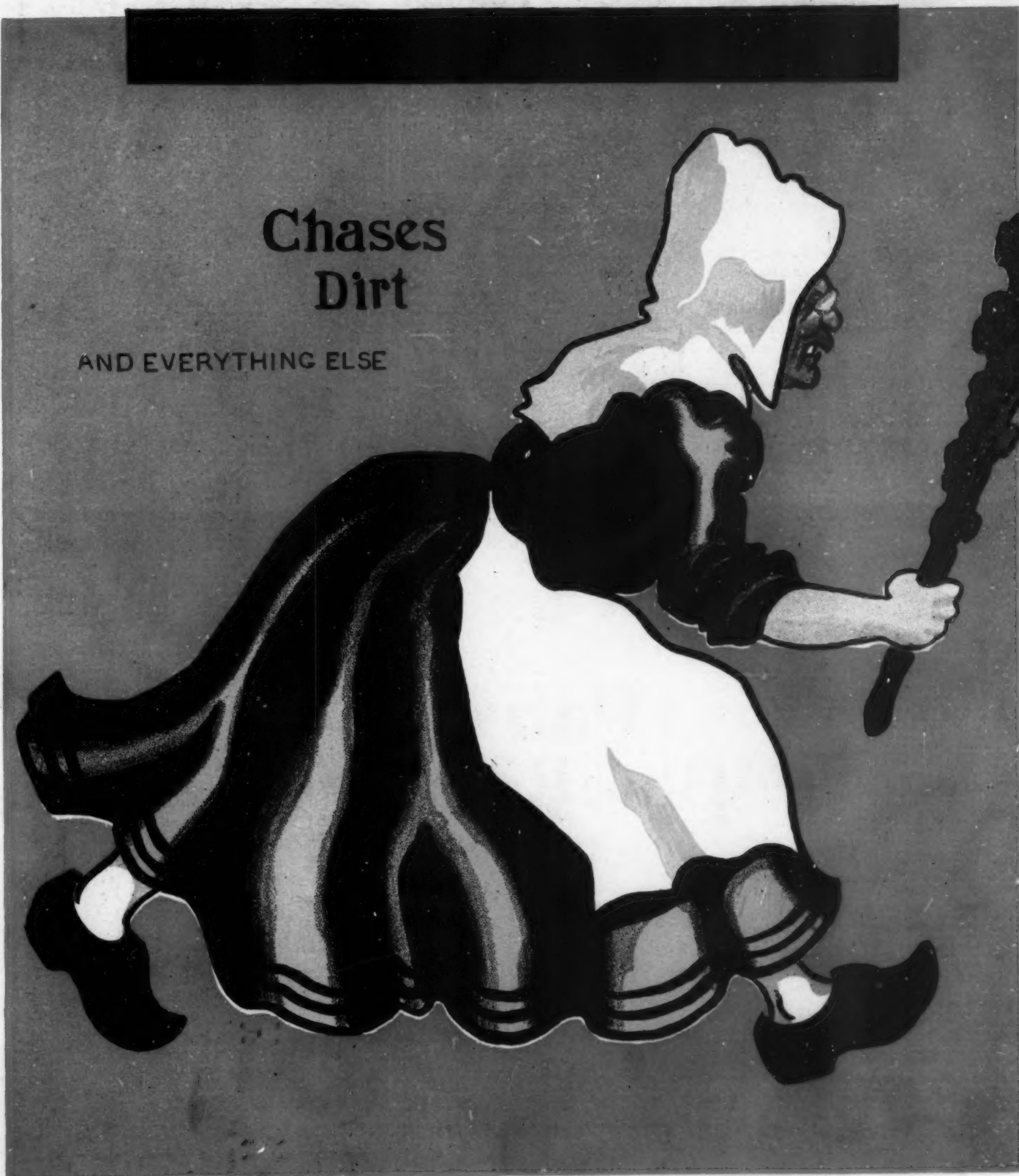


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PRICE TEN CENTS.



Chases
Dirt

AND EVERYTHING ELSE

TEDDY THE OLD DUTCH CLEANSER.

With Acknowledgments to
Old Dutch Cleanser.



Published by
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
J. KEPPLER, Pres., A. SCHWARZMANN, Vice-Pres.
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor.

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Cartoons and Comments

THE COLONEL AND THE TARIFF.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT is a great campaigner. If there are any tricks in the trade which he does n't know, it is safe to say that nobody knows them. Sober-minded citizens who seldom go to political meetings, and who get all their knowledge of politicians and candidates from newspaper reports, find ponderous fault with the Colonel because he deals so extensively in generalities. Such citizens should remember that the Colonel, as a rule, is n't talking to them. He is talking to the man in overalls, with a little picturesque foundry smudge on his face, who is perched on a convenient flat-car close to where the Colonel's campaign train has stopped. Generalities go with this type of auditor, and they go with a whoop. Take the Colonel's tariff-reform generality, for example. Whenever he passes through a great manufacturing section, the workers of which crowd out to hear him, he tells them that he believes in a protective tariff, and he is not opposed to fat dividends for the employers, whether they be big or little; but he favors a tariff, he tells them, which will not confine its benefits to the office, but will deposit a substantial proportion of them in the pay-envelope. Naturally there are cheers for TEDDY, wavings of the big black hat, and enthusiastic inquiries as to "Who's all right?" The Colonel does n't tell how the thing would work; how he would frame such a tariff law; how by act of Congress it would be possible to legislate a certain part of the benefits of protection—the tariff graft, some people of brutal frankness call it—into the pay-envelopes of the workers, but such minor details are quite unnecessary. The Colonel makes the statement in the characteristic ROOSEVELT manner, the crowd howls its approval, and the money is as good as in the envelopes already. The sober-minded citizens who do not come under the influence of the Colonel's magnetic personality ask themselves and each other why ROOSEVELT, if he feels that way about the benefits of the tariff, the heaven-born Republican tariff, sacred almost as the Ark of the Covenant, did n't do something to line the pay-

envelopes of the protected workers during the seven years he occupied the White House? The need was quite as urgent then as now, but if there was one live wire which ROOSEVELT as President failed to grapple, whether intentionally or unintentionally, it was the tariff. He behaved in its presence like a wise child who has seen other children go up against a fire and have their fingers burned, and who sees the advisability of being prudent. To be sure, a goodly part of the benefits of protection *should* go into the pay-envelopes of the workers, but heavens! What a damning confession for a leading Republican to make! Don't they go, haven't

would be any genuine Democratic practice, after the preaching, were the Colonel to be returned to the White House by what might be termed "the pay-envelope vote."

SHEEP, GOATS, AND SANCTITY.

IT WAS fortunate or unfortunate, according to how your sympathies run, that a judge in a Western State should have decitizenized a man for being a Socialist just when the issue of the Recall is before the voters of the United States. Such arbitrary action could have but one result. It was roundly denounced in every quarter of the country, and gave rousing encouragement to those who, rightly or wrongly, would apply the Recall to the judiciary. That it was not made light of as the act of a small man, possessed of a little brief authority, was very largely the fault of the opponents of the Recall. They never admit of distinctions in the matter of judges. The judiciary must be taken as a sacred whole, from the Chief-Justice of the United States Supreme Court down almost, we might say, to the police magistrate. If you attack one, you attack all. "The sanctity of the Court" is imperiled. There may be good Senators and bad Senators; honest Representatives and corrupt Representatives; straight aldermen and crooked aldermen, and it is permissible to say so without threatening the foundations of the Republic; but with judges it is different. To say that there are honest judges and corrupt judges, judges who are loyal and brave in their service of the people, and judges who are as much a part of a crooked political machine as the very Boss himself, is to confess oneself an anarchist and a demagogue. If the Judiciary must be taken as a whole, then for the act of one fool judge in a Western State, who denied a man the right of free speech and free thinking under the American Constitution, the whole Judiciary must suffer in the popular estimation. There are sheep and goats on the bench, as well as elsewhere. If not, then judges are divine, not human, like the rest of us.



TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA WOULD BE A
CINCH COMPARED WITH THIS
COMBINATION.

they gone, there? If not, what becomes of the time-honored Republican argument that the workingman is the chief beneficiary of the protective tariff, and that he should give his vote to keep it in force because it was conceived and framed in his behalf? Colonel ROOSEVELT is preaching good Democratic doctrine when he says by implication that the benefits of the Republican tariff are not properly distributed, but we are not sure that there

MY CONFESSION.

I HAVE a confession to make—a humiliating avowal of my own puerile weakness and shameful inadequacy. I have accepted a bribe, and parted with my political freedom and moral stamina for a mess of pottage.



THEIR. NEED.

SEEDY APPLICANT.—I can bring tears to the eyes of the audience.

THEATRICAL MANAGER.—Huh! We want somebody who can bring the audience.

something entirely antipodal to expectation. And yet, because they were sent me by a Congressman, I received them with a thrill of pleasure, and thus sold my freedom; for now, when the Hon. Gent. again comes among us I must smilingly endure his affectionate back-slappings and believe him when he tells how he could never have endured to stand fighting in the forefront of the battle for Lib-er-tay had he not felt that the honest heart of the dear Plain Pea-pul was with him. In other words, I own right up that a politician can make just as big a fool of me, and do it as easily, as he can of the average man.

Tom P. Morgan.

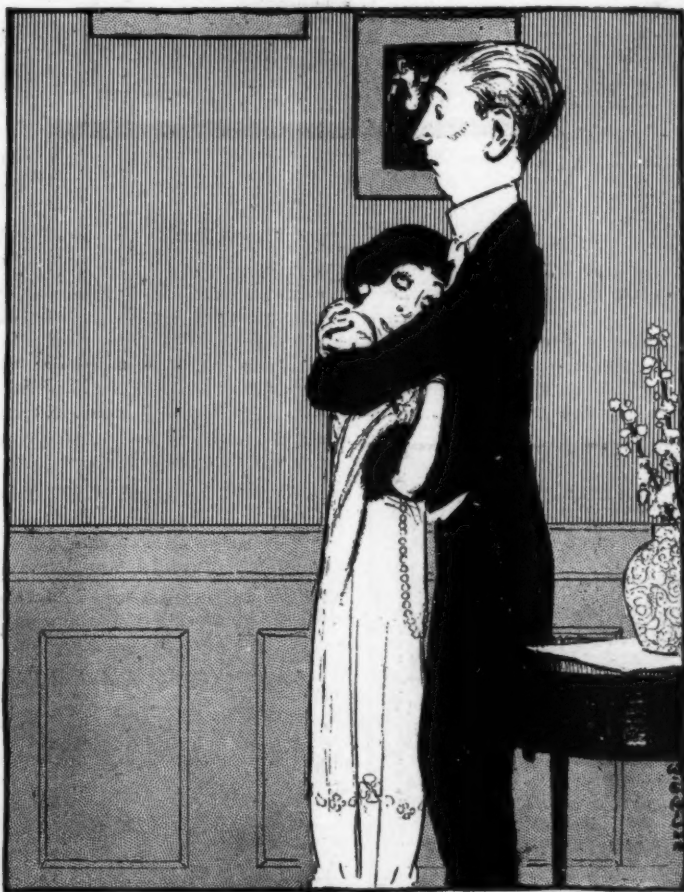
The Hon. Adrian Smugg, M.C., has sent me two cents' worth of lettuce seed, two cents' worth of parsnip seed, and two cents' worth of seeds alleged to be those of the *Phlox Drummondii Grandiflora Splendin*, and I have accepted them and kissed the hand that bit me.

I do not care for lettuce enough to hurt; I not only hate parsnips, but also hate anybody that mentions them in my presence; I am not certain whether the envelope bearing the Latin name contains flower seeds or disease cultures. I know, from previous experience with the practical jokes played by Congressional garden seeds, that they either will not come up at all or will prove to be



HOW IS IT?

STOUT LADY.—When I was a young girl, I'm quite sure the street-cars were never crowded like this!



THE WOOD AND THE STICK.

CLARENCE.—Think of me as the sturdy oak, and you as the clinging vine, my sweet.

EDITHA.—Yes. But be a live oak, Clarence dear!

BEST SELLERS.

It is n't possible to mention more than a few of the titles," says an advertisement of a New York department store, "but those we do print show plainly that these are desirable Books, the Books which created a stir in the Fiction field only a short while ago, when they first came off the press."

Yes, alas, too short a time ago. These masterpieces, which were each strikingly original, red-blooded, meaningful, of unparalleled wit and wisdom when they came off the press, are now selling at twenty-five cents the copy, and not pushing the book-clerks very hard at that.

'Tis a pathetic story, the CHUTE of modern novels. First they are printed at \$1.30 net, with a beautiful "jacket" drawn by the worst popular artist in America. The reviewers are agreed that this, at last, is what the world of literature has been palpitating for. The conception is big, the execution is masterly. Seven editions were sold before the author was born. It is selling before publication at the rate of 72,000 a day—that is, a jobber in Chicago bought fifty copies (reluctantly) in one minute. While the book is selling at \$1.30 net, it need not concern us that the jobber will have forty-two copies left at the next stock-taking.

The book is the success of two worlds for two days. Then somebody buys the plates and takes a chance on a fifty-cent edition, with a new jacket drawn by the second-worst popular artist in America. The second worst does his work so well that the loss on this edition is only \$80. Then the department store buys the unsold copies, and advertises them extensively, on the theory that hardly a soul would leave the store without buying a bottle of cologne or a wash-basin, even if the book did not sell. The second-hand stores get these fascinating volumes next, and keep them until the price of print paper rises to a point where wood-pulp costs more than unsold copies of the great American novel. Then the macerator, the greatest consumer of contemporary literature, takes them to its bosom.



BLESSINGS have the reputation of coming in disguise largely because the average man does n't know what's good for him.

"Beauty draws us with a single hair," and it may peradventure be dyed hair or false hair at that.

The Problem



Six weeks ago this girl, this Bridget Ann,
Was cook within a cottage, where the heat
Below the kettle came from smoking peat,
And no utensils had she save a pan,
A kettle, knives, and spoons. About her ran
The pigs and chickens, tripping up her feet,
Yet, on the whole, she thought it rather neat,
That somewhat primitive domestic plan.

Then she came over, looked around a bit,
And came to work for us; but now, alas!
Has given notice that she means to quit
Because our coal-stove will no longer pass.
She says, with scorn upon her features writ:
"Oi will not shay unless yees put in gas!"

Gorton Carruth.



GIDDAP!

MR. ALFRED G. VANDERBILT has "inaugurated" his fifth season of coaching between London and Brighton. Thus does the cant about the "idle rich" receive another bump. Here is a very rich man engaged in a useful trade. Nay, it is worthy to be called a profession. It was the life work of Tony Weller, father of the better-known Samuel Weller (spelled with a "we" but pronounced Veller). It was respectable long before the days of Tony. Tony made it honorable; Samuel made it illustrious; and Alfred will do well to add what little he may to its interesting history.

Most of us have not had the pleasure of riding behind Alfred and, unhappily, in all probability never shall. We shall never know at first hand whether as a coachee he compares favorably with the talented men who were wont to come whirling into the Boar's Head, the Legs of Man, and other hostelryes to mem'ry dear. Shrewd, perky fellows they were, with an air of importance as befitted their calling. The coach into the yard, devil could take the passengers. Into the inn, into the bar, into the presence of the red-cheeked barmaid; a noggin of rum, a cryptic remark or two in the language of barmaids, and

a knowing leer at the hangers-on—that *was* indeed the life, those WERE indeed the days, and fortunate is the Vanderbilt heir to cast his fortunes among such men.

Some cynics will say that if Alfred had been content to stay in the country of his money he might have been provided, through the unquestionable influence of wealthy connections, with a

job as motorman. One must not cavil at this calling. It seems humble enough at first sight, but there are elements of risk and adventure in it to call forth the most virile spirits.

But it must be admitted that of the two professions named, Alfred has chosen the one of largest and noblest traditions. There is not much money in it, naturally, since amateur coaching is a rich man's game, yet to Alfred mere money-making is a negligible issue. *Freeman Tilden.*



CAUGHT NAPPING.

MISS GOOSEY.—Poor fellow! Have you been blind long?
FAKER OWL (*absently*).—Yes, indeed, lady; ever since sunrise.

LIKE POLITICS.

MRS. WILLIS.—I would like to make a choice of a new hat.
MR. WILLIS.—Well, why don't you? I promised you fifty this morning.

MRS. WILLIS.—Yes; but see, I have only fifty pledged, and two hundred and fifty are necessary for a choice.

ARRANGING IT.

HIS RELATIVES' LAWYERS.—You sent for us, sir?

GREAT FINANCIER.—Yes. If you will kindly submit to me now the fake wills that you intend to bring forward after my death I will choose the one which I desire to supersede my own.

EVERY man is more or less a hypocrite except when alone with himself.



ON THE FIRE.

ADVANCED WOMAN. — Where is that Suffrage à la Pankhurst that I ordered, waiter?

WAITER. — It will take some time, madam. It isn't among the ready dishes, you know.

WINNING HIS SPURS.

DEAR little Montmorency Bird
Once met rude Mickey Flinn.

A word was said—a fighting word—
And then they both sailed in.



Who started it? I must declare
'T was Montmorency mild;
But, oh! rude Mickey Flinn, forbear
To strike that angel child!

Flinn led at Montmorency dear—
And got one on the jaw,
And then one right behind the ear;
And, oh! the stars he saw!

In fact, that darling handed him
All one small boy could want;
And now the gang, from Carl to Tim,
Call Montmorency "Mont."

Walter G. Doty.

NO MYSTERY.

THE elite were considerably mystified when their washerwoman whirled by in a splendid limousine, and not a little nettled besides.

"Since we do not, as a matter of social usage, pay our laundry bills, how," they demanded, with asperity, "do you command such luxuries?"

"Why, by saving the soap-wrappers, to be sure!" the washerman explained, in the best of temper.

HIS ACHIEVEMENT.

"MUH son, Bazz? Uh-well, sah, dat's de 'ligiourest boy I ever raised!" boasted old Brother Pango.

"Yassah, de 'ligiourest, de piopsest, and de smahtest! W'y, loogy!—he done went and worked his way plumb th'oo school and into de ministry by boot-leggin' whisky! Never cost me a cent, sah; not a blame' penny!"

CONSCIENCE—TEN-CENT STYLE.

IT is truly remarkable how little it costs some folks to clear their conscience. Now it is a "troubled citizen of West Virginia" who forty years ago used some canceled postage-stamps and defrauded the Government out of—well, he is not sure just how much. It may have been three canceled stamps that he used; but, to make allowance for the inroads that Time makes upon memory, he forwards the Federal Treasury the sum of ten cents.

Presumably this upright man of Shepherdstown is now going the rounds of his work with a clearer eye, a steadier pulse, and a stimulated soul-action because of the restitution made all of his own free will, in the teeth of the fact that the Post-office might have been gulled right down to the day of True Balance. When the honest voters of Shepherdstown gather round the stove in the general store there will probably be a note of defiance in this super-honest man's voice when he discusses the amount of fraud abroad in this fair land. There may be a Tammany steal; reflections may be cast upon the intentions of McCabe of the Department of Agriculture; and a whisper may be heard concerning the committee in whose hands each parcel-post bill breathes out its little life—but never can the finger of suspicion point at this prodigy of probity who has forked over his ten cents.



Alack, there be not many of us who can wipe the slate of sin so readily and inexpensively. If ten cents would do the trick, the dimes would go out of circulation. Who would not wish to be the man who could beat himself on the chest with a fist of truth and say: "Forty years ago I used three canceled stamps. Otherwise, I feel quite well, thank you!" But the fact is that ever since the day when the census became aware of us we've been engaged in larceny, grand or petit, as the case has been. Have we not freebooted the time and patience of men and women; taken usury of all who pay interest on profit; and are not our very clothes, in great part, filched from the red eyes of children at the loom and bench? We mean not to cry baby, and not to go into sackcloth about such things; but he who thinks that ten cents will get even a rain-check to the pearly gates is not quite adept at braying.

IT would prevent many a domestic disagreement if the kitchen fire could be kindled by spontaneous combustion.



THE MODERN RUBE.

THE PASSENGER.—Yes, I'm going out to kid that old rube uncle of mine for a couple of days. Do you know him?

THE STAGE-DRIVER.—Yep. That was him who just whizzed by us in his new \$5,000 car. Just got back from a three months' stay in New York.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen the saddest are these: "I might have been on the band-wagon."



"Who is Wall Street's candidate in this election?" asked the out-of-town client.
 "Can't tell yet," the customers' man replied.
 "Have to wait till after the election. The one that gets in—makes no difference which one—was Wall Street's candidate."

The big man hoisted his suit-case into the rack above their heads and dropped down into the seat beside him. "I saw you downtown this noon," he remarked, "corner of Wall and Broad. Doing anything in the Street these days?"

The man who had been staring disconsolately out of the window turned his head slowly toward the newcomer. "No, I'm not doing anything in the Street these days," he replied, "at least, not any more. I did pretty well with Copper a month or so ago, and piled up quite a credit with my broker. Then, last week, I got a red-hot tip on Reading, lost my balance, played it, and, here I am, cleaned out again."

"You don't mean you lost your balance and played the tip," joked the big man. "You mean that you played the tip and lost your balance."

The other was n't in a mood to take it. "Keep your humor to yourself, will you?" he snapped. "A joke is a joke, but when a man hits you over the head with an axe and yells 'tag,' it ceases to be funny."

The receiver had been appointed and the autopsy was going on. "I think, gentlemen," said a young man who had been prominently identified with the stock's collapse from $1\frac{3}{4}$ to a bare $\frac{5}{8}$, "I think that you ought to put me on the reorganization committee. My reason is this: I represent the only buying power in this stock there is. That's because I am still short of it. Sometime, when I get ready, I'll have to buy some of the stock. No one else has to—or will. I'm the only friend the stock has in the world."

They put him on the committee by unanimous vote.

The views of the "prominent banker closely identified with the property" are a life-saver to the Wall Street reporter, but no more so than



WHICH?

the "consensus of opinion." Without the "consensus of opinion," indeed, the daily market-page would be an impossibility. And the beauty of it is, it's so easy to get. You've heard of some coming "deal," we'll say, but you don't exactly like to print it without confirmation. So you get busy with the wire and call up one or two good people. First you try Smith—he's fourth-assistant noteteller or something over in the National City Bank. Smith has never even heard of the companies involved in the "deal," but he wags his head wisely in front of the transmitter and gravely declares that he believes "there may be something in it." Williams, who makes up the quotation-sheet for the *Wall Street Press* just "knows it's so." And there's your "consensus of opinion"—both in banking and in journalistic quarters.

When you talk about the effect of "politics" on Steel Common or Woolen Common or the "Sugars" what do you really mean to imply by your remarks?

The effect of possible tariff revision thereon?

Taft never touched the tariff.

Roosevelt never even mentions the tariff.

So what difference does it make, after all, who drinks the milk from the White House cow?

Where's Tommy Lawson these days? Have n't heard anything about him for a long time."

"Oh, he's busy over in Boston selling Bay State Gas short for investment."

Franklin.

FROM THE KITCHEN TO THE CELLAR.

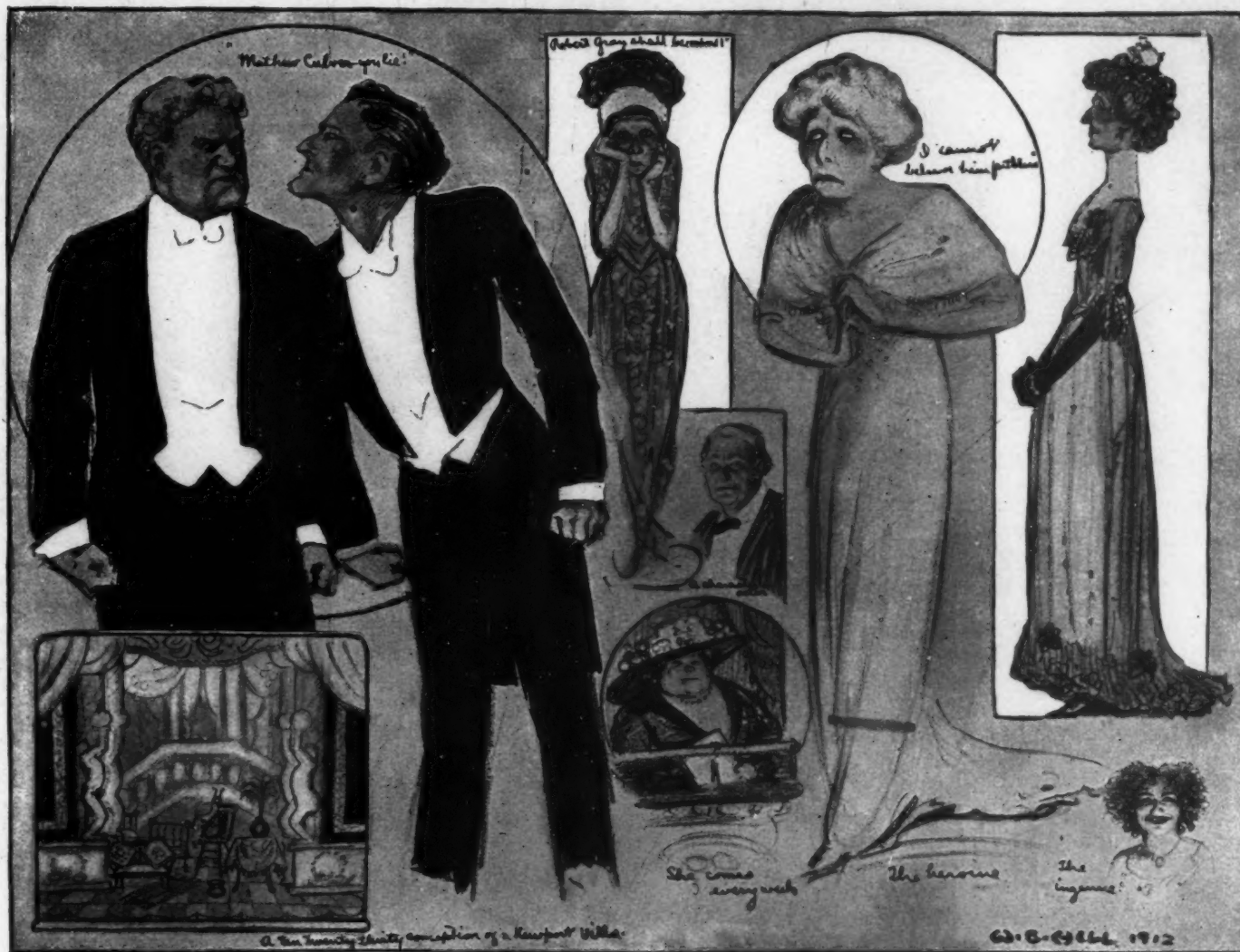


HUSBAND.—I wish you'd hurry with your house-cleaning. This eating in the kitchen is something fierce!



SAME MAN (in East Side rathskeller).—What a delightfully Bohemian atmosphere there is about this place!

All for Ten, Twenty, or Thirty.



DON'T imagine, just because the Broadway theatres are beginning to show "Will Open Early in September" signs across their fronts, that dramatic art is temporarily out of a job. Not a bit of it. Up in Harlem, and other sundry parts of the city, the season of summer stock—ten, twenty, and thirty, we used to call it—is successfully combatting the warm weather, the high cost of living, and every other drawback of the good old summer time. For ten, twenty, and thirty you can get everything, from "East

Lynne" to "The Girl From Rector's," and maybe a little Shakespeare thrown in. And ten to one you'll see the same scenery that did service for "The Girl From Rector's" in the Shakespeare drama. Never mind, don't kick—what do you expect for ten cents—or maybe twenty if you're flush?

Up at the West End, where Corse Payton has started one of his companies, they are doing "The Wife." Miss Eda Von Luke plays the lead. W. E. Hill.

WILL OF STRATFORD.

ON April 23, 1864, some citizens of New York dedicated a statue at the south end of Central Park, to William Shakespeare. Worth thinking of is this. At this date and distance it seems that on April 23, 1864, everything must have been in the hurly of war, that a citizen was being torn from the arms of his sweetheart on every doorstep, and that talking could n't be heard above the shrill of fifes

and the beat of drums. And yet, on that day, a statue was reared in Central Park to the memory of a man who had, as some think, been born three hundred years before in a little English town that came mighty near never being heard of.

Well, Shakespeare's birthday came around again, this April past, and, lo! in the midst of another war's alarms, with mighty Theodorus gnashing his molars and the Stout Warrior stamping the trembling earth—in all this turmoil and trouble somebody went softly to the statue of Shakespeare in Central Park the night before the 23rd and put a wreath at the feet of the master. Some folks there be who believe and maintain that Francis Bacon wrote everything worthy ever writ—from the Book of Job down to "Casey at the Bat" and "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night." Just within a year or two one of these good souls dredged a river in England to find the key to the cryptograms that, according to his admirers, Mr. Bacon must have made for the purpose of deceiving somebody—perhaps himself. But, however this may be, it is worthy of note that Will of Stratford, or whosoever dreamed Falstaff, and Puck, and Malvolio, and Sir Andrew, and the other play-people who in 1912 make humans seem artificial and stage-like by comparison, is able to come back year after year and look upon another and another crop of geniuses who died astonishingly young.



AT FIRST SIGHT.

YOUNG MRS. HOOPLAH.—Wha' wuz it that made yo' fall in love wif me, honey? Mah hair, er mah eyes, er what?

YOUNG MR. HOOPLAH.—Youh han's—dey done look so strong!



THE PUCK PRESS

A NEW SCOUT ON THE

"Put it thar, Pard! Yer do



UT ON THE OLD TRAIL.
r, Pard! Yer do us proud!"



What's What in Washington.



EARLY JUNE PICKINGS IN THE POLITICAL FIELD.

LEAVER it to any one of the dozen pages in the Senate if you want to find out who is the most popular, the most efficient, the kindest, ablest, and by far the best Senator to run errands for. He will tell you, without a moment's hesitation, that Senator Chilton of West Virginia fills the bill.

The Pages' Favorite Son.
There's a reason. There was a circus in Washington the other day, and Senator Chilton walked into the Senate chamber bright and early that morning, got the attention of the page-boys, and said:

"We're all going to the circus to-night, boys. You are going with me."

And it was only a few days ago that Mr. Chilton passed around tickets to the baseball game among the pages, and added car-fare and a little money for peanuts.

THERE'S no use denying it, it would be pretty soft for members of the national House of Representatives if they had as easy a time of it while Congress is in session as does one Robert C. Wickliffe, Representative from the

Louisiana Letter-Writer.
Sixth Louisiana District, one of their number. Mr. Wickliffe has no private secretary in his office in Washington. He does not use any. His constituents hardly ever ask favors of him, and consequently he grants few. The other day he sauntered into the office of Representative McCredie of Washington.

"Look here, Judge," he explained. "I've got a letter here from one of my constituents back home, and I want to answer it. Will you loan me your stenographer for a little while? It's the first letter like this I have had since Congress opened, and I want to be particular about how the answer is written."

THE general public has a wrong notion about the equestrianism of Colonel Roosevelt," said a cavalry officer on duty in the office of the Chief of Staff at the War Department. "People think it don't really know think—and it is only natural they do—that the third-term candidate is an expert horseman."

Important if Authentic.
As a matter of fact, he is no such thing. Of course he can sit in a saddle fairly well, but he is not what a riding-master would call a good rider. Many army officers insist Colonel Roosevelt is awkward in the saddle, and has no mercy on horses. If I had any respect at all for a horse—and I have for every animal I ever rode except one—I would n't allow Colonel Roosevelt to sit on his back. I have seen him in his rides around Washington, when he occupied the White House, dig his spurs into the sides of his mount, and if the horse happened to shy or become frightened at some object at the roadside, jerk the reins and apply the crop needlessly.

"It isn't generally known that Colonel Roosevelt, when he was President, exerted a strict censorship over photographs that were taken when he was horseback riding. I remember one day a camera operator for a prominent Washington photographer snapped the Colonel when he approached a hurdle near the Old Pierce Mill in Rock Creek Park. The horse took the hedge badly and Colonel Roosevelt all but lost his seat. He insisted that the proof of the picture be shown him before the plate was retouched. Of course, the photographer consented, and when Colonel Roosevelt saw the unfinished picture and the unmistakable evidence of his poor horsemanship he ordered that the plate be destroyed. His wish was complied with.

"Any one who has seen Colonel Roosevelt astride his mount, and has galloped alongside of him for ten miles or so, will tell you that he is far from being a good horseman."

THE Senator from Missouri," called Vice-President Sherman a day or two ago when Mr. Sanders, the new Republican Senator from Tennessee, sought recognition. Mr. Sanders did not correct the Vice-President. Mr. Sherman has made the mistake before. Mr. Stone of Missouri—sometimes less politely referred to as "Gumshoe Bill"—and Mr. Sanders resemble each other slightly a good distance off. Both are fairly tall, slightly stooped, smooth-shaven men, each of whom has a penchant for wearing rather loud "wesuits."

The Gumshoe Type.
Senator Sanders succeeded the late Senator Bob Taylor, and being influential in the Republican politics of Tennessee, showed his appreciation to the Administration by returning home a few days before the recent primaries in that State and lining up all the delegates to the National Convention for President Taft.

NEXT to the La Follette headquarters in the Evans Building there is no more desolate place in Washington than the Harmon headquarters in the Ebbitt House. There was a time not many weeks ago when stenographers, clerks, and campaign boosters gave the elaborate suite in the historic downtown hotel a business-like appearance. Not so now. Chairs have been moved out, typewriters have been returned to the agencies from which they were rented, the clerical force of helpers has sought employment elsewhere, and the wholesale distribution of campaign advertising and press-agent material has ceased. Occasionally a visitor calls to talk politics with a few of the remaining boosters, but on leaving he invariably takes the elevator to the next floor of the hotel, where the Clark headquarters are running day-and-night shifts.

BROMIDES OF BOOKLAND.

So, I never read serials. Just when you get to the exciting part it says "To be continued."

It must be grand to be an author. Do you know, I've always thought I could write if I could only think of a plot.

I wonder how the newspapers fill up their columns every day? I should think it would be awfully hard to get so much news.

Kipling does n't write nearly as well as he used to, do you think so?

Some of the magazines publish awful trash. I suppose they take lots of stories just on account of the author's name. I've written lots of little things that I thought much better than those I've seen printed. But I have n't any pull.

Does the author have to punctuate every page, too? I should think that would be awfully hard.

It must be lots of fun to edit a comic paper and read all those jokes and skits. Why, it can't be like work at all!

I think I'd go crazy if I could get a book published. But I'd never have the patience to sit down and write it out.

Does the editor correct the spelling, too?

I suppose you authors think of stories all the time. I don't see where you get your ideas from. I'm almost afraid to know you for fear you'll put me in a book.

I saw the funniest thing in the Subway the other day. I think I'll give it to an author I know. She could make an awfully good story out of it.

Charles Hanson Towne.



LAYING BACK.

FRIEND.—Everybody is talking about your indignant refusal to allow your name to be connected with that fake mining scheme.

THE SENATOR.—Yes. Won't the suckers fall for the next one when I lend my name to it!

NOT until good advice can be taken in capsules will some of us be able to swallow it with any degree of comfort.



"I AM THE STATE!"

OTHER PAPERS ARE JUST FINDING IT OUT; PUCK SUSPECTED IT EIGHT YEARS AGO, WHEN THIS CARTOON FIRST APPEARED.

OL' ARGUMENTATIVE BENT



NO MATTER what the question was, this Argumentative Bent was sure to take the opposite, jes' fur an argument; He'd argue in a tone o' voice that nearly scorched his nose, An' was n't too particular in language that he chose. Sometimes he'd git so 'tarnal mad when cornered purty tight; He'd peel his coat an' say he'd prove his standin' by a fight, An' once or twice the cuss got licked, but still stuck to his p'int With both eyes all bunged out o' shape, an' nose plum out o' j'int

He argued that ol' Jonah never saw the head or tail Of anything that swum the sea resemblin' of a whale; An' Dan'l in the lions' den was jest a fable told To interest the children in them Bible days of old. He swore there wa'n't a cherry-tree on Washington's big farm, An' seat of little Georgie's pants was never over-warm From spankin' from his daddy's hand, an' that there yarn about The crossin' o' the Delaware was open wide fur doubt.

He argued that the country would be scooting plum to hell Unless we'd git a Democrat to run it fur a spell, Or git a man like Roosyvelt to sock the knife into The bulgin' belly of the trusts, an' he would do it, too. He argued with his patient wife until the trod-on worm Concluded it was time to make a turn, an' in the squirm She landed on his stubborn head with stick o' hick'ry wood, Elicitin' the wild applause of all the neighborhood.

He argued with the doctor 'bout his death-producin' cough, An' argued with the preacher that had come to see him off; He argued with the weepin' ones around his dyin' bed, An' told 'em to shut off their tears till he was good an' dead. An' since he pulled away from earth I've heerd some neighbors say That if he's landed in the place that's fairer than the day, Where them as live a righteous life go to their last reward, He never misses of a chance to argue with the Lord.

James Barton Adams.



A RASH RABBI.

WHEN the Methodist Ministers' Association met recently, they asked Rabbi Wise of New York to address them. Either the Methodist ministers did n't know the Rabbi very well, or they are a good deal broader and more receptive to radical views than they have been given credit for; because when Rabbi Wise begins to talk, the audience begins to sit up and look unusually intelligent. As Dr. Wise himself says: "I rarely preach a sermon in my synagogue but what some one resigns." A minister who has such a notable resignation list as this Jew is worth hearing any day.

Of course, a good many ideas that, from the mouth of a layman, and especially from a layman like, say, "Bill" Haywood, are dangerous and revolutionary, lose some of their viciousness when they come from the mouths of priests, of whatever creed. Thus, when the Industrial Worker says that "there will be more McNamaras if social and economic conditions are unchanged," the proper thing to do is to crawl under a bomb-proof

cover and yell for the police; but when Rabbi Wise says that "there will be more McNamaras if the Church does not do its duty," the worst charge made is that of undue exaggeration or rhetorical fervor. Yet when this rabbi goes on to say: "We have a Morgan church and a Jacob Schiff synagogue. I would like to see a John

Mitchell church and a Samuel Gompers synagogue," he is treading very closely to the boundary where the "good people" of his church will prefer to leave the chariot and walk the rest of the way to salvation.

A John Mitchell church and a Samuel Gompers synagogue are unthinkable things.

There would n't be enough stained glass in such an edifice to fill the gizzard of a chica-dee. Those dreary and soporific sermons, mostly concerning nothing raised to the *n*th degree, and therefore so dear to the hearts of desirable citizens, would be ruthlessly laid to rest. But worst of all, such churches would become the meeting-places of a lot of rough, perhaps soiled, common persons, of no family whatever. Freeman Tilden.



Barthelme Rogers.

GOING, GOING —

DAUGHTER.—Impossible! I will never marry Mr. Millions. He has hideous red hair!

MOTHER.—Heavens! What is hair? He has lost nearly all of it!

A BREAK.

AUNT MARY.—When I was your age, Willie—

WILLIE (whose uncle's yarns all begin in the same way).—Naw, I don't want to hear any more war stories.

SOBER second thought is unfortunately a very poor second—hardly in the running, indeed.

Every man knows of a position superior to his own that he could fill much better than the incumbent.

—After all, the success of an Outing depends upon the benefit derived—

Evans' Ale

lends a helping hand and never disappoints

Take it with you wherever you go
Drink it wherever you are

HE.—Shall we bunny? SHE.—No; let's just sit down and hug.—*Lampoon.*



PATIENCE.—This paper says that the French language is more suitable for use when telephoning than the English has been discovered since London and Paris were linked by telephone.

PATRICE.—Why, that's ridiculous! I had a Frenchman telephone me one day, and I could n't understand a word he said!—*Yonkers Statesman.*

You're a nice one!" said the street-car conductor to the man from the country. "If you saw that fellow pick that gentleman's pocket, why did n't you interfere and not let him get away?"

"Wa-al," said Reuben, "I saw that sign up there, 'Beware of pickpockets,' and I b'gosh I did n't dast to." —*Housekeeper.*

HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE



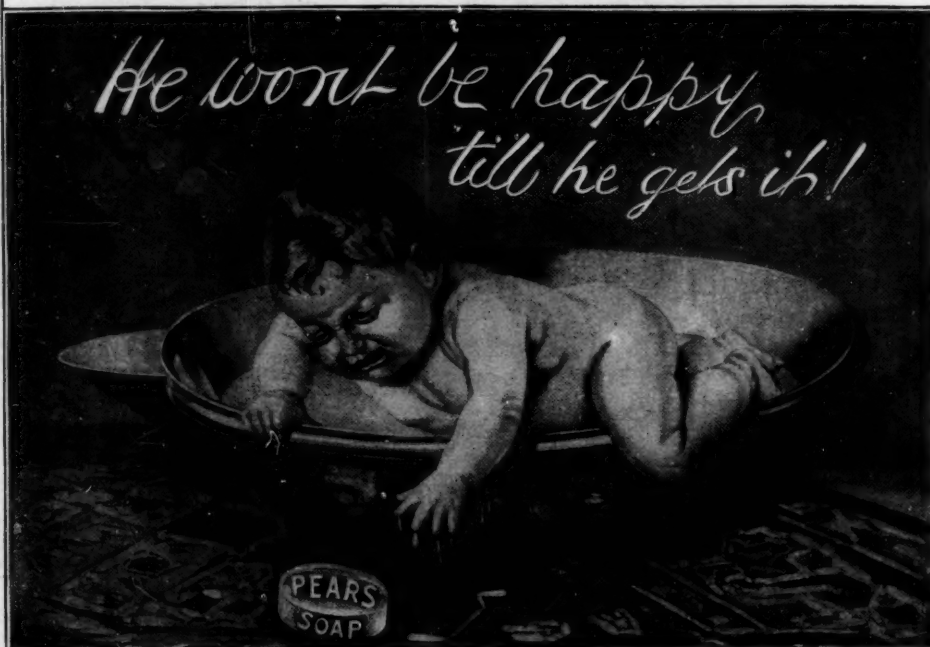
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- Bruxelles Exposition, 1910 Belgium



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Rheims New York

GILES.—Pecken has a bad case of matrimonial dyspepsia.

MILES.—How's that?

GILES.—His wife does n't agree with him.—*Chicago News.*

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It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

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It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. See 1 lb. box. For sale by drugists and dealers. Send 5c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 205 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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II.
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III.

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— *Fliegende Blätter*.

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SHE.—And if you had n't hurried me so we should n't have so long to wait for the next.—*Punch*.

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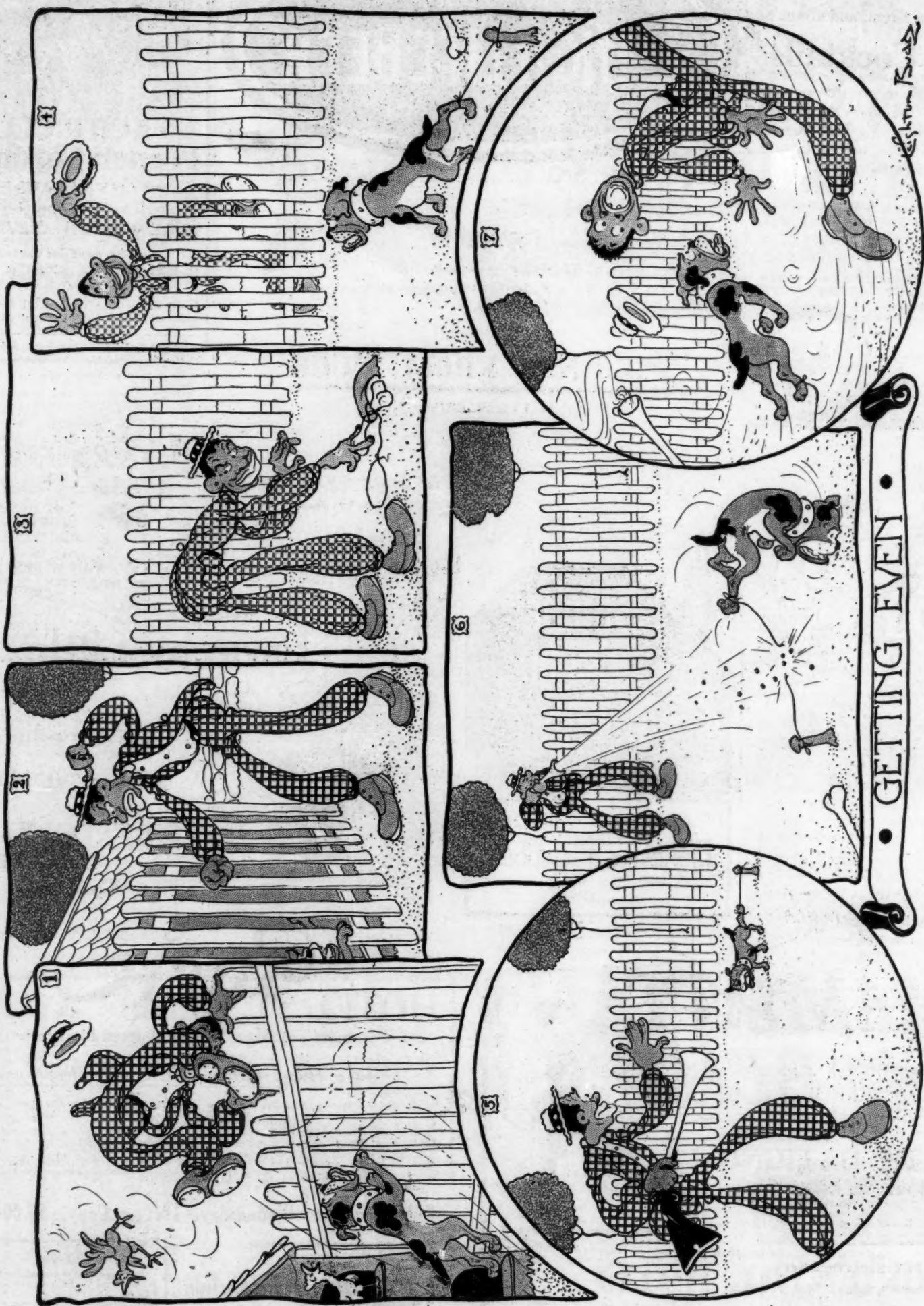
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BRIDEGROOM (two days after the wedding).—I have n't seen anything yet of that five-thousand-dollar check from your father.

BRIDE.—Well, you see, dear, papa heard that your father had already given us one, and he knew we should n't care to have duplicate presents.—
Boston Transcript.

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"Then nothing passed between ye?"
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A PRUDENT STATESMAN.

One time, when Private John Allen, of Mississippi, was in Congress, the subject of pensions came up. After several members had been heard, Allen rose.

"Mr. Speaker," he drawled, "this matter interests me deeply. As far back as the Spring of 1864 I gave a good deal of consideration to this subject. I resolved at that time to do what I could to spare this country the great burden of pensions that would one day be laid upon her. In fact, sir, so great was my consideration, that on one occasion I retreated across three States, and if the Gulf of Mexico had n't been in the way I should have retreated still further."
—Saturday Evening Post.

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